

The Deserted House

By EDITH V. ROSS

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There was smuggling on the coast, but we revenue officers were not able to locate the point where the goods were being run in. We were told that it was a beach midway between the two principal ports of the region. We watched the coast night and day for weeks, but not a sign of illicit work did we see. Driving to the city, I reached a point on a rocky coast. Night was coming on, and no hotel or other shelter was at hand. I espied a house a short distance ahead of me, set on rocks against which the waves were beating. It was of brick and colonial in style, with long pillars extending from the porch to the roof, which was built out to cover it. The place had a forlorn look, and on coming up to it I found it unoccupied.

I went around it, thinking that if I could effect an entrance I would at least find shelter there for the night, but there was not a window or a door that was not perfectly secured. I was about to drive on, when I espied a limb of a tree brushing against an upper window, one shutter of which had rotted away. I climbed the tree, went out on the limb, broke the glass and entered the house.

Had it not been for curiosity I would have gone out as quick as I came in. While it was furnished throughout, there was not an article in it that was not rotting away. There was bed-clothing, but it was moth eaten; there were curtains, but they were dropping from their supports; there were carpets, but they came apart as I walked over them. The only live things in the house were millions of bugs.

I would have retired from this dismal abode and slept in the open air, but the night was cool and I espied a fireplace in one of the rooms. So with the fragments of once handsome chairs and other articles I built a fire. Then, having gone out for my blankets and stabled my horse, I rolled myself in the former, lay down before the fire and slept.

Something awakened me, I knew not what. The fire was out, but there was a strip of light on the ceiling above my head. While I was viewing it with perplexity it moved. In a moment, remembering that I was on the ground floor and the flooring had shrunk so as to leave cracks, it occurred to me that there was some one in the cellar. Noticing a round spot of light on the ceiling, I knew it came through a knot-hole, and, crawling to the hole, I could look into the cellar.

Several men were storing bales and boxes.

"Oho!" I exclaimed to myself. "Here is the leak! While we have been watching the smugglers above they have been running goods in down here. I warrant the man who put us on to the false location was one of them!"

I made up my mind very quickly as to my course of action—that is, in case they didn't go to the stable and find my horse, which would betray me. I would remain where I was till morning, then pursue my journey, returning with others, lie in wait for the smugglers and capture the gang. They were not in the cellar ten minutes after I awakened. Then the light ceased to shine, and there was no further evidence of their presence. I listened to hear them go out, to make sound of locking a door or give other evidence of their departure, but not a whisper did I hear. They seemed to have gone into the ground or down up a chimney. In the morning I went into the cellar, examined the goods, consisting of silks, laces and other articles to which a high duty is attached. I then went above and looked carefully to the openings. They were all barred and bolted on the inside. Returning to the cellar, I looked about for some means of egress there. I found none. There seemed to be no way the men could get out except as I had come in, through a window.

But how did they bring in the cases of goods?

Not willing to leave the place without further investigation, I walked all over the premises and down to the rocks on which the waves were breaking. Unfortunately the tide was high. It was unfortunate because I could have made a more satisfactory examination of the rocks if it had been at the ebb. I resolved to drive to the nearest farmhouse, get a breakfast and return in six hours when the tide would be at the lowest point. When I went back I found that a rock had been left exposed which I couldn't see from the shore. There was no boat at hand, but the water was sufficiently shallow for me to get on to a small rock farther out. After reaching it I turned and saw an opening in the rock into which a boat could be pulled at half tide. I was bound not to go away without knowing all about it, so I made a raft, pulled myself to the opening and walked through a passage leading in the direction of the house, till I was barred by an iron door.

That satisfied me for the time. I went home, brought assistance, entered the house when no one else was about, waited for the next appearance of the smugglers and took them all in. Subsequent investigation showed that they had concealed a trapdoor in a sub-cellar with earth, the trap opening into the passage leading to the water. At high tide the mouth of the passage was concealed and at low tide resembled but a mere cleft in the rocks.

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Magazine Review

Chicken Pie.

"Dress, clean and cut up two fowls or chickens," says Fannie Merritt Farmer in the Woman's Home Companion for December. "Put a kettle on range with three pints of water; as soon as water reaches the boiling-point, add chicken, a few pieces at a time, otherwise the boiling will be uneven, and the water thus colored will draw out so much of the flavor that the chicken will become tasteless. When all is added cover and cook slowly until meat is tender, adding one half teaspoonful of salt during the last half-hour of the cooking. Remove chicken and discard skin and some of the larger bones. Strain stock, skin off fat and then cook until reduced to four cups. Thicken with one fourth of a cup of butter mixed with one third of a cup of flour. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange chicken in serving-dish, strain over gravy, let stand over night and reheat for serving. Make a decorated cover of a rich piecrust. It is much better to bake the paste separately and reheat before covering the pie."

How It Feels to Fly.

James Hooper, who rode as a passenger in an Antoinette aeroplane, answers this oft-repeated question in the Christmas Eve number. Describing the way in which they left the ground he says: "And then—good Lord, what is that! At first I thought that we had struck an abandoned quarry and were hurtling through a pile of stones. Then more plausibly, that we had passed from the grassy plain to a road of torn-up macadam. But neither of these suppositions answered quite the question put to me by my companion. We seemed to be flying through a medium singularly hard. Hard and smooth, and yet so with roughness. It felt as if we were upon a road of adamant laid upon the bed-rock of the earth, and as if upon this adamant road pebbles hard and faceted like diamonds were strewn. Upon the hard, smooth sub-surface the machine glided level, but excited to a furious trepidation by the bristling diamonds. We are going through a rock-pile," I said to myself, returning to my first unsatisfactory and yet more plausible supposition. From the gentle earth we had passed to the ways of the air. That adamant, resilient, and diamond-bristling surface upon which we rode now, it was the azure of the skies! It was ozone, it was ether, it was everything that is hazy and impalpable and blue—and it felt like metal, like rock, like chrome-plated, like the compressed bowels of some planet smashed between two suns. I was flying, and it was like drilling. I was feeling the earth, and the earth was following me, jealous and vigilant, gripping me, stubbornly and implacably, with its earth sensations."

"From the first, I had lost my sense of direction and of the cardinal points, and seemed hurtling aimlessly through vast nowhere. A most distressing, disorienting sensation. I felt like that man who had lost his shadow. Worse than that shadowless person, I felt as if, springing upward in the ether, I had left my entire personality pasted back there upon the earth. "And of the landscape I could bring back nothing clear. It was always a whirling blur of a landscape; a landscape painted by an artist using too full on a landscape photographer out of focus. The trees ran together; they merged with the land. The land sloped into the sky, and the sky into the land. Roads writhed vivid in instant like snakes, and then sank back into the plain. It was the shifting, dissolving, liquid landscape of an uncertain dream."

"The sun was setting. Each time as we faced it now, we started giganticly toward it, a homing dragon making for a fabulous cavern aflame with gold. Kuller at length took the beast high over the center of the plain and cut off the power."

"Then I flew; for the first time I flew. For the first time I felt that I was flying, and it was because I was flying. The tremendous weight beneath me had stopped; the wind had ceased; the hideous tumult slipped off into a breathless silence. It was as if from the sweat and oil and tumult of toil we had suddenly passed into the purity and hush of the high spaces. We seemed to hover there a moment, motionless. Then a long, slender and zipping ecstasy—and we were upon the earth, by the sheds."

BATHTUB TRUST HIT

Indictments Returned Against 16 Firms

AND 32 INDIVIDUALS

Attorney General Wickham Presents Case to Federal Grand Jury at Detroit, with Above Results—A \$10,000,000 Trust.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 7.—The anti-trust campaign of Attorney General Wickham shifted to Detroit this week, with the result that indictments were returned by the federal grand jury yesterday against 16 firms and 32 individuals alleged to have secured control of 83 per cent of the annual output of enamel ironware, bathtubs, sinks, lavatories, etc., in the United States. The criminal proceedings grew out of a civil suit to dissolve the alleged combination, begun by the government at Baltimore. The evidence adduced in the civil suit was presented to the grand jury here.

It is charged by the federal officials that as the result of a meeting at Mount Clemens, Michigan, last April, a fund of \$7,000,000 was set in motion to plan that resulted in giving to the defendants control of 10 manufacturers and nearly 400 jobbers, representing an output of approximately \$10,000,000 a year.

RAILROAD PLOT SCENTED.

View On Changes In Commerce Commission.

Washington, Dec. 7.—Current rumors that Charles A. Prouty and Franklin K. Lane of the interstate commerce commission may be transferred to the new commerce court have caused some excitement among the progressives in Washington than any event since they reached here for the session. These rumors cannot at present be substantiated, hence should not be taken too seriously, yet they have opened up a discussion which promises to attract attention to the interstate commerce commission as an almost more important body, in the matter of changes and reappointments, than the United States supreme court.

It is the firm belief of the men resisting the proposed advances in railroad rates that the commission on that and other matters has stood for a long time in a certain sharply defined attitude. In other words, that the commission, which consists of seven members, stands three to three upon issues favored by the railroads, with Commissioner Clark the pivot which at any time may bring about a four to three vote. In the light of their records and known bent of mind, popular opinion divides the commission as follows: More favorable to railroads, Knapp, Harlan and Cockrell; less favorable to railroads, Clements, Prouty and Lane; neutral, Clark.

If this line-up is accurate, it can readily be seen what significance would attach to the removal of Mr. Prouty and Mr. Lane. To say the least, it would strengthen what the progressives term "the cause of the people." It would be regarded, whether properly or not, as an attempt to place the railroads in a stronger position with the commission. Unless vacancies occurring from one cause or another were filled with men known to be friendly to the popular side of causes coming before the commission, the progressives would regard it as a certainty that an attempt had been made to manipulate the commission in the interest of the railroads.

In view of the importance of the issues involved, your correspondent would repeat that there is not yet solid authority for asserting that the transfer of Messrs. Prouty and Clark is to be made. Mr. Lane in fact, is not a lawyer, there is some ground for believing that ex-Senator Cockrell, whose term will expire soon, will not be reappointed. Whether the current rumors are true or not, the complexion of the commission is substantially as stated. For that statement extraordinary importance will attach to forthcoming changes.

An analogous situation, as far as the progressives are concerned, is presented with respect to the supreme court. It was said yesterday that since his interview with leading progressive senators and representatives, President Taft has changed his state. They have given notice outside the White House, if not within it, that unless men of progressive type are appointed to the supreme court to fill the two vacancies existing, the nominations will be fought even in open session on the Senate floor. With the country at present keenly sensitive over certain economic questions, like the tariff and railroad rates, and more responsive to progressive promptings than to any other, the importance of the progressive element in Congress as an influence affecting appointments will readily be recognized.

In the matter of railroad rates, a concrete situation has shaped up through the dramatic effort to Louis D. Brandeis of Boston to teach the railroads how to save a million dollars a day in the cost of administration. Mr. Brandeis was challenged by the railroads to do this and promptly accepted the challenge. His offer had not become cold before Rudolph Spreckles, one of the greatest business men of the West, stepped to his side and stated that he would give two years of his time supplying evidence to assist Mr. Brandeis in his gigantic task, railroad rates, and stood, have made like voluntary offers and it would seem as if the interstate commerce commission is placed in the embarrassing position of hesitating to rule upon the proposed advances in rates desired by the railroads. The decision certainly is hung up temporarily, in the midst of a situation unprecedented in the history of the commission.

LIFE SENTENCE FOR THEFT.

Andrew Burns Has Already Spent Half His 30 Years in New York Prison.

New York, Dec. 7.—For stealing two rings worth \$80 from his sister, Andrew Burns was sentenced to Sing Sing for life Monday in the Queens county court. Burns, who has spent just half of his thirty years in prison, received a life term because he is an old offender. He has already served four terms.

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\$30,000,000 TO GIRL OF 14.

Catherine Barker Inherits Whole Fortune of Her Father.

Chicago, Dec. 7.—John H. Barker, who died Saturday, left \$30,000,000, his whole fortune, to his daughter, Catherine, 14 years old.

Thirty million dollars is at least double the fortune of Miss Helen Gould of New York, three times that of Miss Jennie Crocker of San Francisco, and 15 times that of Miss Dorothy Whitney of New York.

By the time Miss Barker comes of age, even of marriageable age, her wealth will have increased vastly. Her father's will made the First Trust and Savings bank her guardian and manager of her estate, and that institution is noted for its conservative administration.

John H. Barker was a son of John Barker, who started the Haskell-Barker Car company at Michigan City, Ind. Dr. John Barker left the business to his sons, John H. and Wallace Barker. When his brother died, John H. Barker became sole owner of the concern, which built everything on wheels, from a palace car to a narrow-gauge dump car. While expanding the profitable business to the limit of its production, John H. Barker invested heavily in bank stocks, and his wealth increased rapidly. He was charitable and generous, but left a great fortune.

Catherine's mother died last June. Up to that time the girl attended a private school in Detroit. Since then a trusted friend of the Barker family has been Catherine's guide, philosopher and duenna. Her education is being completed under governesses.

Her father, accustomed to having his own way, was always willing to pay to have it. His favorite niece, Anna Ogden Barker, Wallace Barker's daughter, was married to Nelson Lundington Barnes, a young broker of New York. Mr. Barnes smoked cigarettes incessantly. Mr. Barker, who acquired an affection for him, despised cigarettes. Vainly he urged Mr. Barnes to give them up. At last he said: "If you will throw away that cigarette and pledge me your word never to smoke another, I will give you \$50,000."

Mr. Barnes has never smoked another cigarette.

HOBBLE SKIRT MUST GO.

Decree of Fashion Dictators Also Bans Long Coat and Friskish Hats.

Chicago, Dec. 7.—The hobble skirt, long coat and friskish hats and bonnets are to go, according to members of the National Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' association, who are in annual session here. The spring style for 1911 will be an expansion of the present hobble—expanded enough to allow free and dignified use of feet and limbs. As for the jacket, it will be shorter and not so much like a man's long coat. The collar will be larger.

SUES MRS. GLOVER FOR SLANDER.

West Arichat Citizen Files Papers at Cambridge, Asking \$20,000 Damages.

Boston, Dec. 7.—Papers in a suit brought by Peter King of West Arichat were filed with the clerk of courts at East Cambridge yesterday, against Lilian M. Glover, wife of the late Clarence M. Glover, for whose murder Hattie LeBlanc is now on trial. The plaintiff alleges slander and asks \$20,000 damages.

Shop Early.

"For several years an effort has been made to lessen the extra pressure of work which during the holiday season falls on the salespeople in shops," says Margaret E. Sangster in the Woman's Home Companion for December. "On those who deliver goods, on the post office employees and in the express offices the country through. Never have I seen young women so tired, haggard and dragged out as those who serve the public in the weeks preceding Christmas. The hours at that time are much longer than usual, and the endeavor to meet the demands of anxious and hurried customers who do not know what they want, and are bewildered amid the variety of tempting articles displayed."

Physically and mentally, the clerks, messengers, cashiers and everyone concerned in mercantile pursuits in the holiday shopping season are worn to shreds. Much of their fatigue might be prevented were buyers considerate, and if the caution came too late for this year, will not those who need it make a note for another season? Books and packages sent by mail and gifts transmitted by express as well as the vast bulk of Christmas correspondence should stretch over December instead of being congested in the two or three days before Christmas."

In Woman's Realm.

Much labor may be saved if pastry is mixed several hours before it is required. Always keep it in a cool place.

No old linen should ever be thrown away. It is one of the most valuable assets of the housekeeper and nothing can take its place.

For woolen materials French chalk is of great use in removing grease spots. Rub the chalk thoroughly into the spot cover it with a piece of white muslin and allow it to remain at least one hour. Then brush well with a stiff clothes brush.

If cold steak is cut in outlet-shaped pieces, marinated and then rolled in eggs and crumbs and fried in deep fat, it will be as tasty a dish as one could wish. Garnish the cutlets with lemons and parsley.

A new kind of broom to be used for a hardwood kitchen floor is called the dry cord broom. It is shaped like the ordinary hair floor broom, but instead of being fitted with bristles, cord such as is seen in log mops is used. This sweeps the floor as thoroughly as could be done with a dust rag. When using the broom for polished floors a little oil applied to the cord before being passed over the boards. The long handle makes it unnecessary to go upon the hands and knees. For cleaning walls the cord broom is far handier than the bag-covered broom.

Maribou for Trimming.

I suppose there is no more popular trimming than maribou. It is used on evening gowns, wraps, hats, separate waists and scarfs.

The latest idea is to trim the veil on three sides with a band of maribou. The untrimmed edge is draped around the hat and the veil allowed to flow. The so-called natural and brown shades are chosen for the veils in either black, brown or white.

This kind of veil looks a little odd at first, but it is a novelty and so will probably be welcomed.

Black and white veiling (in combination), I am told, returning to favor.

Recipes.

A Cooking Timetable—Mutton fifteen minutes to the pound; beef, twenty minutes; veal, twenty minutes; ham, eighteen to twenty minutes; fowls, twenty to thirty-five minutes.

Claret Jelly—One package gelatine soaked one hour in a large cup of water, two cups of sugar, two cups of claret, one pint of boiling water, juice of one lemon, a pinch of mace; put gelatine, lemon, sugar and mace together and cover half an hour; pour on boiling water, strain through a flannel bag into a wet mold; set in ice.

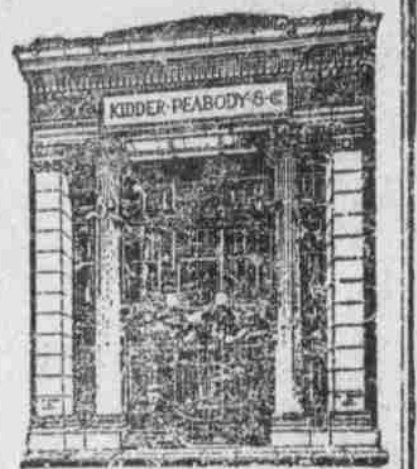
Browned Sweet Potatoes—Boil and peel neatly, lay in a dripping pan and bake until with good dripping or butter until glossy and delicately browned.

Cauliflower—Boil a fine cauliflower in hot salted water, drain, put in a deep dish, blossom upward, and pour over it a cup of rich drawn butter, with the juice of one-half a lemon stirred in.

Squash Pie—A pint of steamed, mashed and strained squash, two eggs of milk, one cup of sugar, two eggs beaten light, half a teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoon mixed mace and cinnamon. Beat all well together and bake with under crust only.

Swiss Soup—Five gallons of water, six potatoes and three turnips, sliced, a small piece of salt pork, boil five hours until perfectly dissolved and the consistency of pea soup, filling up as it boils away. Instead of the pork, you

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can add butter the size of an egg. Season with salt and pepper and serve. Coconut Candy—The following is a sweet popular in the tropics. Obtain a large, fresh coconut and prepare as follows: Grate the coconut into a large, deep dish, pour on it two glasses of hot water and stir and knead with the hands until it becomes quite creamy. Squeeze hard through a strainer until you have two large glasses of the milk, adding more water, if necessary, and discard the dry coconut. Add the pound of sugar to the milk and put it on to boil. If you can get a lime, peel the skin thinly into one piece without cutting into the pulp and put it into the candy. It should be taken out when you take the candy off the fire. Failing a lime, grate some lemon rind and squeeze some of the juice into the candy. Boil without stirring until it thickens in water, pour out on a buttered dish and as soon as cool enough pull until creamy.

Molasses Sauce—Add three tablespoonfuls flour to one cup molasses, blend well, add one-half cup of water, two tablespoonfuls butter and a few grains of salt; boil five minutes and serve hot.

Celery Salad—Two bunches of celery, one tablespoonful of salad oil, four of vinegar, one small teaspoonful of fine sugar, pepper and salt to taste; wash and scrape the celery, lay in ice-cold water until lunchtime. Take one head of the broad leaved variety of lettuce, wash, arrange them neatly around the sides of a salad bowl, place the celery cut in bits a half inch long in the center and pour on dressing the last thing. Serve at once before the vinegar injures the crispness of the vegetables.

Apple Pudding with Sauce—Prepare apples as you would for pies. Fill a baking dish and cover dish until all are baked soft. Then beat with egg beater for two or three minutes. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and then both together with egg beater until light and fluffy.

Sauce—Place one pint of milk with pinch of salt in double boiler to get hot, beat up yolks with five tablespoonfuls sugar and one tablespoonful which has been moistened with a little cold milk, turn into milk and cook eight minutes, or until thick as cream. Flavor with vanilla and serve hot.

Cream for Pie—One cup milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar; boil until thick, set to cool and flavor with vanilla.

Dutch Apple Cake—One and one-half cups flour, one and one-half teaspoon-

fuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful vanilla. Cut eight good-sized apples in quarters, pare and halve each quarter, and after putting cake in pan push apples, piece by piece, down into the cake and sprinkle one-third cup of sugar saved out on top with a pinch of cinnamon. To be eaten hot with butter.

Apple Fritters—Make a batter by mixing together one cupful of flour, two-thirds of a cup of water, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt and pepper and a very little celery salt. Let batter stand for a couple of hours, then fold in the whites of the eggs previously whipped. Have ready some apples pared and quartered, then fry in hot lard until a deep brown. Drain on brown paper, sprinkle with finely grated cheese and serve.

Lemon Jelly Filling—Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with one cup of sugar, add to this the juice and rind of one lemon; break in one egg and stir thoroughly. Add one-half cup cold water and cook in double boiler.

Cabbage Salad—Shred a white cabbage fine and pour over it a dressing such as you make for cold slaw or French dressing with a little made mustard beaten in it.

Oatmeal Macaroons—Stir together two and a half cups, rolled oats, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-quarter teaspoonful salt. Beat two eggs, add one cup sugar and one tablespoonful melted butter. Combine the two mixtures. Drop onto baking sheets, about four inches apart, small teaspoonful at a time and bake in quick oven.

Scrambled Mutton—Two cups of chopped cold mutton, two tablespoonfuls of hot water and a piece of butter as large as an English walnut. When the meat is hot break in three eggs and constantly stir until the eggs begin to stiffen. Season with pepper and salt.

A Savory Stew—Place some chopped vegetables of all kinds in a frying pan and cook in a little butter till soft and browned. Then put in a stew pan and cover with stock or water. Cook for an hour, adding chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Press all through a sieve; thicken with browned flour and boil five minutes, stirring well. Let it get cold. Cut slices of meat, freed from skin and fat, and put in the gravy, simmering slowly for half an hour, serve very hot, with a garnish of beets, chopped capers or fried onions scattered over.

Dorothy Dexter.

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